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## HOGARTH.

WILLIAM HOGARTH was one of the great humorists of the eighteenth century. He filled the place in English art which Fielding and Smollett filled in English literature. Though often considered a mere caricaturist, he was, in reality, a powerful preacher of great truths, a rebuker of folly, and an enforcer and commender of virtue and morality. He knew well the truth of Horace's maxim—

“*Ridiculum acri fortius ac melius plerumque secat res,*”

and he made ridicule his vocation. There was nothing cold,

follow in his footsteps. He, therefore, abandoned the idea of becoming a classical scholar, and served his apprenticeship with a silver plate engraver. He had, however, acquired knowledge enough to save him from the charge of being an uneducated man, and to enable him to pursue his studies, whenever occasion served, with pleasure and effect. His principal employment in his new sphere of labour was that of engraving the devices of heraldry upon plate and other articles of luxury, and he appears to have displayed diligence and application enough not only to satisfy, but materially to assist



SCENE FROM THE FOUR STAGES OF CRUELTY, BY WILLIAM HOGARTH.

harsh, or misanthropic in it. It was not the ridicule of Voltaire—sneering hatred or contempt—but the ridicule of Addison—smiling, kindly rebuking faults which it half excused.

Hogarth first saw the light in the parish of St. Bartholomew the Great, London, on the 10th of December, 1697. The epoch of fashionable folly, town scandal, wits, coffee-houses, and theatres, had just set in, after the stormy political struggles by which English society had been convulsed, during the beginning and the middle of the seventeenth century. Vice and profligacy had taken the place of the stern simplicity and virtue of the Round-heads. He was the son of a man who wrote school-books, and acted as a general hack to the London booksellers; and the privations and suffering which his father underwent were quite sufficient to warn William not to

his master. He soon grew tired of heraldry, and abandoned it as soon as his indentures had expired. But practice had made him a skilful draughtsman as well as a careful and accurate engraver—no trifling advantages in any walk of art which he might choose to follow. From his earliest attempts in drawing, except in devices, he had studiously refrained from copying anything but nature. Copying other men's works he thought resembled pouring water out of one vessel into another. He therefore exercised his memory and imagination as much as lay in his power. After preparation such as this, it was natural to expect something striking and original, and Hogarth made his *debut* as a satirist. The incident which revealed the bent of his talents was amusing enough. He went one Sunday to Highgate with two of his companions, during his apprenticeship. The weather was warm, and they

went into a roadside alehouse, and called for beer. Some persons, who had previously entered, were already waxing quarrelsome in their cups. One of them received so sharp a blow of a quart pot upon the head, that he put on an awfully rueful countenance, which Hogarth sketched on his thumb-nail on the spot. The result was a most amusing caricature, which, when handed round the room, restored all parties to good humour. Upon another occasion, a woman who was quarrelling with one of her companions in a cellar, filled her mouth with brandy, and dexterously squirted it into her antagonist's eye, in the presence of Hogarth and Hanmore, the printer, the former of whom sketched the scene. The cleverness with which he turned these incidents to account sufficiently indicated the line of art in which he was likely to be successful; but some time elapsed either before he became aware of it, or the world seemed inclined to patronize efforts of this kind.

Hogarth was never much of a reader, and knew little of book learning. His great aim was to acquire all his know-

who are not familiar with Butler's great masterpiece to understand it more clearly, we subjoin an extract from the portion of the text to which it refers:—

Hudibras has an esquire with him—Ralpho.

The "argument" will give an idea of what precedes the extract in this canto.

#### PART II. CANTO III.

##### Argument.

The knight (i. e. *Hudibras*), with various doubts possest,  
To win the lady goes in quest  
Of *Sidrophel*, the *Rosy-Crucian*,  
To know the *dest'nies'* resolution;  
With whom, b'ng met, they both chop logic,  
About the science *astrologic*;  
Till falling from dispute to fight,  
The conj'rer's worsted by the knight.

[*Sidrophel*, in the course of the dispute, has called *Hudibras* "*a braggadocio huffer*."] ]



SCENE IN THE HOUSE OF THE ALCHEMIST. FROM HUDIBRAS, BY WILLIAM HOGARTH.

ledge from the study of nature and of mankind, and he had no hesitation in diving for that knowledge to the lowest depths of vice and profligacy. The images he brought back with him were not always very graceful or pleasing, to be sure, but they were none the less instructive and faithful for that.

It was in illustrating Butler's "*Hudibras*," that Hogarth first gave a real foretaste of his genius, though even in this he did not by any means do all that might have been done. Of all the poets of the seventeenth century, probably Butler is the one hardest to illustrate. His wit is often so keen, and his touches are so delicate, that it is not always easy for the reader to catch their full force, much less for the artist to give them shape and hue on paper; and it was probably in this that Hogarth found his memory and imagination, for the first time, fail him. There are, nevertheless, countless charms in his drawings, but, as Allan Cunningham well remarks, they appear rather where he has departed from the text, than where he has literally adhered to it. We feel pleasure in presenting our readers with one of these illustrations, and to enable those

"Huffer; (quoth *Hudibras*) this sword  
Shall down thy false throat cram that word.  
*Ralpho*, make haste, and call an officer,  
To apprehend this *Stygian* sophister:  
Meanwhile I'll hold 'em at a day,  
Lest he and *Whachum* run away.

But *Sidrophel*, who from th' aspect  
Of *Hudibras*, did now erect  
A figure worse portending far,  
Than that of most malignant star,  
Believed it now the fittest moment,  
To shun the danger that might come on't,  
While *Hudibras* was all alone,  
And he and *Whachum*, two to one;  
This being resolved, he spy'd by chance,  
Behind the door an iron lance,  
That many a sturdy limb had gor'd,  
And legs, and loins, and shoulders bor'd;  
He snatched it up, and made a pass,  
To make his way thro' *Hudibras*.

Whachum had got a fire-fork,  
 With which he vow'd to do his work.  
 But Hudibras was well prepared,  
 And stoutly stood upon his guard;  
 He put by Sidrophello's thrust,  
 And in right manfully he rush'd;  
 The weapon from his gripe he wrung,  
 And laid him on the earth along.  
 Whachum, his sea-coal prong threw by  
 And basely turn'd his back to fly;  
 But Hudibras gave him a twitch,  
 As quick as light'ning in the breech;  
 Just in the place where honour's lodg'd,  
 As wise philosophers have judg'd,  
 Because a kick in that part more  
 Hurts honour, than deep wounds before."

The first of the series of works on which Hogarth's fame rests was the "Harlot's Progress," which was commenced in 1731, and appeared in a series of six plates in 1734. Their success was rapid and decisive. "The boldness of the attempt," says Allan Cunningham, "the fascinating originality and liveliness of the conception, together with the rough and ready vigour of the engraving, were felt and enjoyed by all. The public saw with wonder a series of productions combined into one grand moral and satiric story—exhibiting in truth a regular drama, neither wholly serious nor wholly comic, in which fashionable follies and moral corruptions had their beginning, their middle, and their end. Painters had been employed hitherto in investing ladies of loose reputation with the hues of heaven, and turning their paramours into Adonises; here was one who dipt both into the lake of darkness, and held them up together to the scorn and derision of mankind."

The subject of the "Harlot's Progress" was the history of one of the unfortunates who atone for the folly of an hour by an eternity of remorse; her arrival in London, fresh from the country, pure and innocent as her mother's tears and prayers and anxious care have made her—her first turning aside from the beaten path of duty, in which women find their only safety,—her deception and ruin, her deceiving of others in her turn, her rise to guilty splendour, her fall to guilty woe, and her final exit from the world amongst wretches as vile and degraded as herself. The work, independently of its artistic excellence, was of signal importance, because it tore away the veil from vice, which a corrupt and sensual society had thrown over it, and revealed it in its naked, filthy, and hideous deformity. As the court poets then wrote of it, as the "wits" about town talked of it, as it was retailed in scandal over "dishes of tea" by Lady Betty This to Lady Amelia That, vice, provided it were surrounded by speaking mirrors, gorgeous coaches, Turkey carpets, and all other appliances of wealth and luxury, might seem to the poor and lowly born, whose pleasure even partook of the hardness and coarseness of their existence, a proud, stately, dignified, and admirable thing; but as Hogarth represented it, no coalheaver could look on it without blessing God that he knew nothing of it, and without feeling proud that he was neither a polished *roué* nor a fallen beauty. What rendered the satire more effective was, that many of the principal personages were portraits from living originals, of men about town, famous, or rather infamous, for their licentiousness, and of women who were tossed like a shuttlecock from one "protector" to another, as fast as their appetites became palled, of parsons who in their cups forgot the gravity becoming their cloth, and judges the sanctity of their ermine, so that the town laughed, and the culprits winced like galled jades.

The "Harlot's Progress" was followed up by the "Rake's Progress," as a sort of counterpart or pendant. This was scarcely so successful as its prototype, however, inasmuch as it had not novelty and curiosity on its side. It consisted of eight scenes, illustrative of the folly of a young man, who has just succeeded to a large fortune by the death of a sordid miser. He spends it in London, in cock-fighting, gambling,

horse-racing, and every possible species of debauchery, and at last beggared, penniless, forsaken by his fairweather friends, who fawned on him and robbed him in his prosperity, and broken down in constitution through his excesses, he finds refuge in a lunatic asylum, where he ends his days. "The curtain," says Walpole, "was now drawn aside, and his genius stood displayed in its full lustre. From time to time he continued to give these works, which should be immortal, if the nature of his work will allow it."

Most of his other pieces are representations of scenes in low life in London. Their names, such as "Southwark Fair," "Modern Midnight Conversation," a scene in a cyder cellar or tavern, sufficiently indicate their nature, with several others not so coarse, but equally ludicrous and clever. His next piece, which contained a serious moral, was "Marriage à la Mode." It consisted of a series of six scenes. The daughter of a rich citizen is married to the son of a proud but poor peer. One desires a title, the other wealth, and they get them. The husband is an affected fop, and even on their wedding-day the bride seems more than half-disgusted with him, and is observed listening with an attention ill suiting the occasion to the words of a wily lawyer, Mr. Silvertongue. The result is such as might have been expected. My lord wastes his substance in riotous living, spends his money amongst gamblers, boxers, harlots, winebibbers, and blacklegs of every description. The lady listens to the lawyer still, and frequents houses where large sums are lost by means of "quiet rubbers." Scandal, at last, begins to make free with her name,—and her reputation is finally gone. She consents to a meeting at a masked ball, and after this we see her no more till the last scene but one, in which the artist displays dramatic power of the highest order. In a baggio, in her night dress, in an agony of remorse, over the body of her dying and injured husband, who has just received a mortal wound from the sword of her seducer, kneels the unfortunate woman, now, at last, fully awake to her shame and ruin and disgrace. In the closing scene, she again appears in the house of her father, the dying speech of her paramour, who has been hanged for the murder of her husband, lying at her feet. She puts an end to her misery by draining a phial of laudanum. Her infant, who twines its arms round her neck, is the only one left to love her, for her sordid father disturbs her last moments by tearing a costly ring from her finger.

These sketches met with a decided success, so much humour, mingled with so much pathos, so much deep and heart-rending tragedy from a hand trained, as it were, to comedy, the world had never seen on canvas before, and it evinced its appreciation of the work by the purchase of a large number of the engravings. He followed it up by another and corresponding series, representing a "Happy Marriage," but this, for what reason is not known, he never carried to completion. In his next production, the moral purpose was more plainly manifested than in any of the others, though the artistic execution was not such as to attract any great amount of attention. It consists of twelve alternate scenes, of Industry and Idleness, published in 1747. The following is his own account of their nature and object:—"Industry and Idleness exemplified in the conduct of two country apprentices, where one, by taking good courses, and pursuing points for which he was apprenticed, becomes a valuable man, and an ornament to his country; the other, by giving way to idleness, naturally falls into poverty, and ends fatally as expressed in the last print."

Passing over a painting, "The Presentation of young Moses to the Daughter of Pharaoh," we come to his next moral and satirical performance, "The Four Stages of Cruelty," representing the history of a savage boy, who commences his career by gross cruelty to the lower animals, and ends it by an atrocious murder, for which he is hanged, and in due course dissected. They displayed great skill in grouping and the delineation of character, and their moral was on the surface; but the unpleasant nature of the subject, and the revolting minuteness with which all the details are given in the last

scene, render the work by no means so pleasing as many others of his which display, perhaps, less talent. We insert an engraving of one of these scenes. "The March of the Guards to Finchley," in which he ridiculed the royal guards when advancing against the Scotch rebels in 1745, was a performance displaying the highest wit and humour. The whole body are represented in a state of lamentable confusion and disorder, drunken, and surrounded by a horde of wives, suttlers, and lovers, all shouting, drinking, and swearing, their baggage waggons upset, and all discipline at an end. Its appearance set the town in a roar; but poor George II., a heavy, fat, lumbering German, alike devoid of humour and incapable of comprehending or appreciating it, was sadly enraged by it.

To enumerate, even, all the other works of Hogarth would require a much larger space than we have at our disposal. We have already said enough to give the reader a general idea of their nature; we must, therefore, conclude this very imperfect sketch by a brief reference to the only book he ever wrote. He had, when he painted his own portrait, etched on the palette a waving line, underneath which was written—"Line of Beauty and Grace." Nobody knew what this meant, though every one wondered. The mystery was solved in 1753, by the appearance of a work from the artist's pen, entitled "Analysis of Beauty." "No Egyptian hieroglyphic," says he, "ever amused more than my line of beauty did for a time. Painters and sculptors came to me to know the meaning of it, being as much puzzled with it as other people, till I explained it by publishing my Analysis. Then, indeed, and not till then, some found it out to be an old acquaintance of theirs, though the account they could give of its properties was very near as satisfactory as that which a day-labourer, who constantly uses a lever, could give of that machine as a mechanical power."

The explanation contained in the Analysis, however, did not by any means make matters pleasant. No book ever drew down such a storm of obloquy upon the author. Every available instrument of satire, ridicule, and abuse was put in force

against him—verse as well as prose. His opinions, his language, and even his person and his family fell equally under the lash. The literati were indignant that a man who was self-educated, who could not spell, nor even always write grammatically, should take upon himself to write a book; and at last they declared that he could not write it, and that it was not his at all. None joined in this clamour with a louder voice than the immortal patriot John Wilkes, who now showed as little regard to truth as he had always shown to decency. There can be no doubt that the work was entirely Hogarth's own, but he confessed, with becoming modesty, that he had submitted his language and arrangement to the revision of a friend, as was natural, when he himself was not practised in composition. With regard to the opinions advanced in the work, they are at least ingenious, but they had many opponents among men who owed Hogarth a grudge, and they would probably now have more than ever. He points to the leaves which clothe the trees, and the flowers which cover the ground, and all that buds and blooms as formed of waving lines. The line of grace is found in the varied outline of the hills, in the grandeur of mountains, in everything, however minute or magnificent. The beasts, the birds, the insects, and the fishes, and the shells which strew the shore, are all cited as examples of the truth of the theory; and the topstone of the argument is found in the grounded lines of womanly beauty. He thus proclaims himself the discoverer of a great and universal principle, in the full spirit of which the great artists of Italy and Greece wrought, probably more from instinct than from knowledge. In all their works is found the line of beauty such as he described it, and nowhere stiff, rigid, or angular forms. "Michael Angelo," he thought, "had some notion of the existence of this principle when he advised his scholar, Marcus de Scienna, to make a figure pyramidal, serpentlike, and multiplied by one, two and three, in which precept the whole mystery of art consisteth; for the greatest grace and life that a picture can have, is that it expresseth motion, which painters call the spirit of a picture."

### ST. ROBERT'S CHAPEL,

THE English have an immeasurable advantage over the inhabitants of newly-peopled lands. They have many local associations—not a rock or stream, not a sunny plain or shady glen have they, but has its tale of pathos or fun, of tears or laughter, as the case may be. The grandest landscape soon wearies if there be no past connected with it. Our brethren on the other side of the water are not to be envied in this respect; but America is not badly off after all. It has its past, and a past bright with glory, a past that may rival all that has come down to us of Greek or Roman fame; and if Australia has little to look back on, it is rich in gold, which is good, and in hope, which is better still.

In England one knows not where to turn without being followed by the past. Every spot is hallowed by history or legend. For instance, near the once important, but now declining town of Knaresborough, in Yorkshire, there is a chapel cut out of the solid rock, which forms an illustration of what we have advanced. Not far from the Dropping Well, which is a wonderful curiosity in its way—not far from where that celebrated personage, Mother Shipton, was born, stands the chapel which bears the name of St. Robert, and drawings of which accompany these remarks. The story is, that the hermit, who had previously spent some years in the monasteries of Fountains and Whitby, and was afterwards abbot of New Minster, and a contemporary of King John, who gave him forty acres of land in Swinescot, was so delighted with the spot, that he set to work like a mole, and grubbed out a cell for himself. The chapel has a neatly-arched roof, a gothic window and door; the ribs rest on neat pilasters. On the right hand side are four terrific faces; in front an altar. On the floor is a hole, in which was probably placed a cross, and on the sides are two niches, long since dispossessed of their images. The length of the cell is ten feet and a half, the breadth nine, and

the height seven and a half. Near the door is cut a gigantic figure, in the act of drawing his sword. This, it has been suggested, may have been designed for the genius of the saint, which, it should seem, greatly defended the pious hermit. St. Robert was a native of York, and in the hermitage is a figure of the hermit surrounded by his books. About a mile down the river, near Grimbald-bridge, is St. Robert's Cave, the usual residence of the saint, and the scene of one of the strangest murders that ever occurred—the murder of Daniel Clark by Eugene Aram. This murder took place in 1745. It seems that in this cave Clark and Aram had secreted goods and plate, of which they had conspired to defraud their neighbours. In this cave their associates met to divide their stolen property, and here Clark was murdered and buried by Aram. Some short time afterwards Aram left that part of the country, and went to live at Lynn, in Norfolk, where he was usher in a school for upwards of thirteen years. The discovery was made quite by accident. A labourer found a skeleton in a neighbouring quarry. The people of Knaresborough having long wondered what had become of Clark, supposed the skeleton might be his. A coroner being sent for, the wife of Aram, who resided in the town, and had long been deserted by her husband, was examined. Her evidence threw some suspicion on an accomplice named Houseman, and he, on his examination, having betrayed great confusion and marks of guilt, a closer investigation was made, which terminated in a confession of his crime. Aram, having been implicated by Houseman, was apprehended and brought to York Castle, where he was tried and convicted. It is true that the legal evidence against him was extremely deficient—furnished almost entirely by an accomplice, and so scanty and suspicious that a man tried upon it at the present day would unquestionably escape conviction. But Aram con-